Don't Move

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Don't Move

by CD_Call

Summary

Stay completely still. Don't move. Don't think. Do not wake me up. Bad things happen if you wake me up.

Don't move.

It's five in the morning. You woke up early. You always do. Insomnia since you were little, I think. They used to say your problem is you were too 'wired.' I don't know what that means. Maybe it's the coffee you drink, but you've been sleepless since you were little. I'm still fast asleep, right next to you. I don't have that problem, I sleep like a baby.

You don't quite remember what happened last night. Then again do you want to remember? I bet you would. They always said you were a smart cookie. I don't think you are. A smart cookie wouldn't be in a situation like this. Unless you're here because you want to be. Don't you want to be? Isn't this peaceful?

Don't move.

If you move, the bed moves. If the bed moves I'll wake up. And if I wake up, bad things happen. You don't want bad things to happen do you?
Oh but wait, they already are. Silly me.

I bet you'd like to go back to your own room. Sleep in your own bed. Maybe barricade the door. Maybe hang yourself while you're at it. That'd be a bad thing, though. You can't hurt yourself. Didn't Mom ever tell you not to break things that don't belong to you?

Don't move.

Just lay there. Still as a board.

You watch my breathing. Don't I sound peaceful? If you try really hard, you can convince yourself this is completely innocent. Like when we were kids. Just a sleepover. Nothing bad is happening to you. You don't have anything to be afraid of.

Oh but you used to. I used to have to threaten you. I don't have to anymore. You've been behaving yourself. You don't yell at me or argue anymore. It's kinda boring. Now you just sit there looking like a corpse. I can tell you're still upset though. You keep getting into screaming matches with everyone else.

Are you afraid to scream at me? Are you afraid of what I'll do to you?

Maybe I should tell Mom and Dad the trick to getting you to behave? You'd hate that wouldn't you?

You'd better behave then.

Don't move.

Do you still love me? Am I still your friend? Is that why you behave? Or are you just afraid? Do you even know anymore? Can you tell what's a real feeling? I can tell. You hate me. I can feel it when I give you a hug. It's very weak. You don't squeeze like you used to. You used to hug me so hard you'd pop my back, now I can barely feel it.

Did I break you?

You wonder if this is how everyone has to live. It can't be. You read a book last week. This isn't normal. There's a word for it. It makes you feel unclean to say it. You should tell someone. You should get help. You should get out of here.

But you're a boy, though not much of one. And you're older than me. Not by much, but enough that nobody will believe you anyway. Nobody ever believes you. You're so anxious and frightened you look like you're lying even when you're telling the truth. I think it's funny. Remember when I set the tablecloth on fire? You tried to cover for me, but I blamed you? That was really funny. You got hit so bad over it.

Isn't that what older brothers do? You cover for me and then I stab you in the back.

I'm your favourite tapeworm.

Don't move.

Don't think about other things. Don't think about the past. That's all over. Things will never be the same again.
You're trapped in a vice getting smaller and smaller.

All you can do is go numb. Doing what you're told like a good boy. Survival and sentiment is the only thing keeping you going. Who are you going to turn to? Who are you going to tell? Who's in your corner when you're being hurt?

Oh right. Just me. Oops.

Are you really afraid of me? You sure don't look like it. Nobody would believe you were, you're too affectionate. Always greeting me with a hug. I can feel the difference, but nobody else can. Are you just behaving or do you want things to go back to normal?

Maybe you want things to stay the same. Pretty sure that rush of nausea you just got wasn't nausea.

I hear if you beat a dog enough they start to like it.

Don't move.

It's easier at night. You can pretend none of this is happening. You can pretend that fragile little brain isn't about to snap like a dry and brittle twig. You can pretend I'm someone you can trust. You can pretend none of this is happening, as long as you ignore that ache in your jaw. You can pretend I'm going to wake up wanting to play. The way we used to, not... Well you get the idea. You can pretend I'm still your sister. You can pretend I'm not the monster that haunts your every waking moment.

If you pretend enough, maybe you'll start to think that's real.

Don't move.

It's your fault, you know. Always hogging their attention with your outbursts and behavior. Making yourself so untrustworthy that nobody ever believes you about anything. You deserve this. You deserve to suffer, because you're a bad person. If only you were good, someone might believe you. But you blew that, I guess.

Works out for me.

I wonder what would happen if I let you go. Would you be relieved? Would you try to let things go back to normal? Would you avoid me? Would you kill yourself? I bet you'd kill yourself.

Do you still love me? You say you do, but do you mean it?

Don't move.

Well, do you? Do you? Do you? Do you? Do you? Do you? Do you? Do y-

You shut your eyes tight and try to think of something else. Anything else. Everything else. Nothing else. Maybe you can try going back to sleep. Maybe if you open your eyes, I'll have already woken up and left.

No such luck.

You can see my hair fall in front of my face. You reach out to brush it away, a rare moment where you're feeling sentimental. I don't see that in you a lot any more. It's nice. I knew you still loved me.

There's just one little problem, sweetheart.

You moved.

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